

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. 1 No. 10

NORTHFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 4, 1909

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The Best in Town

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Shoes

We have them in abundance. A large assortment of the GOOD, DURABLE kind for boys' and girls' wear.

Some exceptional values
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Men's and Ladies' Oxfords

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4.00 Oxfords, 3.25
3.50 Oxfords, 2.85
3.00 Oxfords, 2.50

Straw Hats at Half Price

Our fall stock is coming in and we are already showing some very snappy styles in Shoes, Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Caps.

A New Lot of
Trunks and Suit Cases

Just received from Factory

A. W. PROCTOR

Proctor Block Northfield

If our readers will kindly furnish us with the names of friends at a distance who might be interested in the news of Northfield we will gladly send them sample copies of the Northfield Press.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

The public schools will open Tuesday, September 7. The following are the teachers employed for the coming year: High school, principal, Miss Eva Tower; first assistant, Miss Pauline Sykes; second assistant, Miss Carol Stearns; grammar, Miss S. A. Thompson, Rumford Falls, Me.; intermediate, Miss Eleanor Batchelder, Suncook, N. H.; primary, Miss Gerda L. Huntington, Manchester, N. H.; East Northfield grammar, Mrs. Emma L. Hutchins, West Chesterfield, N. H.; primary, Miss Lottie Evans; district No. 8, Miss Jennie Parker, North Ashfield; district No. 4, Miss Mabel Bridges, Williamstown; district No. 6, Miss Bertha Howland, West Northfield, and Miss Ginsie Gould, Vernon, Vt. The special teachers for music and drawing are Misses Hinman and Whiting.

It was a veritable "surprise party" that made an afternoon [call] at Grove Hill, the summer home of the Rev. James A. O'Connor, of New York, during the Conferences at East Northfield. Dr. Adeline McConville, and 46 other Conference attendants marched from Marquand Hall and assembled on the lawns of Grove Hill before Mr. O'Connor had any knowledge of their visit. Indeed it was the fine singing of the large assembly that first attracted his attention. When he appeared among these friends and expressed his pleasure at the honor conferred on him by this call, they requested him to speak on the work in which he was engaged in New York city, and to relate some incident of the early Conferences at East Northfield, the first of which he had attended in 1881. He said that there was only one Seminary building, East Hall, at that time, and the meetings were held in a large tent on Round Top, and in the old Congregational church on Main street, now Sons of Veterans hall.

In 1894, Mr. O'Connor commenced the erection of the cottage on Grove Hill, on the Winchester road, and planted the maples, which are now such an attractive feature of the street on the way to Lover's Retreat. Additions have been made to the house and the grounds enlarged from year to year until it is now an attractive place.

Support our advertisers and tell them you saw it in the Press.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fitt returned from Boston yesterday.

L. O. Clapp who has been on the sick list is now able to be out.

Mrs. M. E. Merrill is reported to be quite ill at her home in Boston.

Rev. Elliot W. Brown, D. D., preached in Gardner last Sunday.

Mrs. Pack, of Glens Falls N. Y., visited Mrs. Ball the first of the week.

Miss Delphine Lazelle has gone to Wardsboro, Vt., for a week's vacation.

Mrs. L. O. Clapp and children are enjoying life at Camp Bass near Warwick.

Mrs. Will G. Slate and daughter Gladys are spending a week at Fitzwilliam, Mass.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church, to-morrow.

Mr. Ed. Slate, wife and son of Turners Falls, are visiting in the home of his brother, W. G. Slate.

Mrs. Charles E. Williams entertained a party of 14 ladies at an informal afternoon tea on Friday, August 27.

Twenty-four members of the Northfield Grange attended the field day gathering of Pomona Graingers at Mr. Henry L. Barton's place, Riverside, last

Saturday. Addresses were delivered on agricultural topics during the forenoon and field day sports were indulged in in the afternoon. Among the prominent officials present were the State Masters of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Bertram Goodnough, after a splendid time in Northfield during the summer, left for his home in Chicago last Tuesday.

Miss E. L. Hamlin, with her three children of Gill is visiting her sisters, Mrs. A. W. Proctor and Mrs. Fred Irish.

Rev. Lewis S. Chafer has sold through Elliott W. Brown his residence in East Northfield to Dr. D. J. Fuller.

The Sunday school of First Parish having had a short vacation will begin its sessions for the new season next Sunday.

Mrs. Clark and daughter, of Orange, Mass., who have been visiting Mrs. David Ball left for their home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Walker, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Malley has returned with her two children to her home in Boston.

Why send out of town for your printing when you can get it done promptly and properly and at a lower price right here at home by the Northfield Press, Proctor Block.

Mr. Rufus Minot and his daughter, Miss Sarah Minot, returned on Tuesday from their summer vacation at Pine Grove Camp, Niantic, Conn.

Mrs. E. E. Howard and Mrs. George Holton entertained 24 of their friends at Camp Northfield Tuesday evening with supper, bonfire and corn roast.

Mrs. F. B. Caldwell succeeds Mrs. E. I. Callender as Northfield Correspondent for the Brattleboro Reformer, the Greenfield Recorder and the Springfield Union.

Miss Fannie Stockbridge left yesterday for Woodsville, N. H., to assume her duties in the High school as teacher of chemistry, physics and higher mathematics.

Fifteen boys and girls had a gay time last Monday afternoon at a lawn party given by Miss Mildred Coe in honor of her cousins, Sidney W. Coe and Bertram Goodnough.

Mr. Fred W. Doane sends a photograph from Seattle in which he appears as a joyous patron of a "rubber neck wagon." Seeing Seattle took two days. He is now in Southern California.

A summary of the reports sent for one week to the highway commission by Ralph Doane shows that during the week 3737 teams and 601 automobiles passed a fixed point on Main street.

Be sure to read the letter on the second page from "Progress". It is full of timely suggestions and we are sure our readers will approve of the spirit and the good hard sense that prompted it.

The ladies of St. Patrick's parish gave a very successful supper and dance in the town hall last Tuesday evening. It was well attended, an excellent supper was served, everybody was happy and the receipts were about \$75.

Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, of New York city are expected next week as guests of Mrs. and Miss Ball. Mr. McArthur is the son of Dr. D. S. McArthur the celebrated New York preacher. His wife is cousin to Miss Ball.

The following persons came to town last week and picnicked on Mrs. Rice's porch which commands a view of the Northfield Valley from Mount Wantastiquet to Mount Hermon: Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell, Miss Elizabeth Farwell, Mrs. Batson and Miss Anna Batson of Turners Falls, Rev. and Mrs.

(Continued on page 4)

THE NORTHFIELD PRESS

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
W.M.W. COE, Editor

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS

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THE NORTHFIELD PRESS.

OFFICE IN PROCTOR BLOCK
Telephone 4-5

The End and the Beginning.

This issue of The Northfield Press completes the experiment of ten weeks which as our subscribers know, was undertaken with a purpose. We wished to learn in a practical way whether the people of Northfield and the friends of Northfield at a distance desired a newspaper representing the best interests of our town and at the same time we wished to make the Press a worthy advertising medium between those who sell and those who buy. The success of the undertaking has been gratifying. Beyond any doubt the people want the Press continued. "We have no misgivings as to a good subscription list. Few if any who have become acquainted with our paper will want its visits discontinued and it will make new friends every week. The majority of our advertisers are also pleased with the results of their advertising and while two or three have intimated that they have seen no "direct results" it must be remembered that the principle of advertising is so well recognized as a necessity to success in business that the "direct results" argument has no weight whatever. "It pays to advertise" is an accepted truth in the business world.

We shall continue THE NORTHFIELD PRESS. Next week it will assume a new dress and in size it will be somewhat proportionate to its ambitions. Certain features will be added which we think will be of interest to all. We plan to have the following departments: The latest general news, the proceedings of the State and National Legislatures, Scientific and Industrial Notes, Short Stories, Household Matters, Farm and Garden Notes, Illustrated Articles, Illustrated Fashions, etc. In addition to these features we shall of course use our best efforts in securing local news items and in bringing before the public matters of interest to the community. Our columns will continue to be open for communications on topics pertaining to the public welfare.

It is with great pleasure that the writer announces the coming of Mr. A. P. Fitt into the present and future interests of The Northfield Press. Mr. Fitt is so well known in Northfield that the needs no introduction. He believes in Northfield. He enters heartily and thoroughly into the work and plans of this newspaper as well as into the printing and publishing business which will be continued and enlarged. His experience, wide acquaintance, enterprise and reputation constitute a valuable acquisition to the business already begun. And so the future looks bright. We enter upon our new and larger plans grateful to the many friends who have given us their co-operation and encouragement and confident that their support will continue to be our best inspiration for good work.

It is now ten months since the printing office known as The Northfield Press was opened by Mr. W. W. Coe. From that time here has never been an idle hour. In fact orders have been greater than our capacity for work and we have repeatedly called or outside help. Seldom has an enterprise been launched in a community with greater encouragement from the very start.

Three months ago Mr. A. P. Fitt returned to Northfield (at least temporarily) and started plans for a general publishing business, expecting also to work up a mail order book business, for which Northfield is so favorably located. Mr. Fitt has had years of experience in this line of work.

It seemed mutually wise and agreeable to combine these two efforts and so, beginning September 1, The Northfield Press with offices in the Proctor

Block, entered upon its larger work. The management believes that the most has not yet been made of Northfield's possibilities. There are many ways in which the interests of the town can be advanced without sacrificing its tone and spirit. We believe that Northfield is independent enough, progressive enough, intelligent enough and large enough to support a weekly paper of its own, which, properly conducted, will be an effective medium for the promotion of Northfield's good. It will be our constant endeavor to advance the general welfare of the town, without favor to or prejudice against any part of it or party in it, political or religious. We aim to have a "town paper" in the broadest and best sense. Only thus can we truly serve the town's best interest and enjoy the good will and confidence of our best citizens.

Our editorial policy will be to advocate improvements and reforms in the direction of a better and more beautiful Northfield. At present no opportunity is granted the townspeople (except in town meeting and occasional special meetings) to put forward new ideas, suggest improvements, point out waste and weakness or ventilate grievances. Without such opportunity government by the people is a farce and our system of town management an empty show. Far be it from us to allow our columns to degenerate into the mouthpiece of a "Kicker's club"—we want no unfair or unkindly criticisms whatever—but those who have at heart the betterment of the town, socially, commercially intellectually or otherwise are welcome to use The Press as a forum from which to utter their sentiments.

May we not count upon the sympathy and active co-operation of our fellow townsmen in these hopes and intentions? The profit of Northfield is the profit of all its citizens. The loss of Northfield is the loss of all.

Good Intentions.

Good intentions are seldom negotiable for cash. Ask the lazy school boy why he doesn't study and advance with his class. He will tell you that he intends to—some time—but he never does. Ask any improvident man or woman why they don't save and lay up something for a rainy day. They will tell you that they intend to—some time—but they never do. Ask any slow, unprogressive business man why he doesn't discard his old antiquated ways of doing business and adopt new, up-to-date, progressive methods of sales and advertising. All such will tell you that they intend to, next week, or next month, or next year—but they never do.—Cover Chat.

The foremost advertising virtue is persistent repetition. One can no more make a single effort, however large, serve for a year's publicity, than he could get physical nourishment for a like time from a single dinner.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

A good example is the best sermon. God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.

You may be too cunning for one, but not for all.

Words may show a man's wit, but actions his meaning.

An ounce of wit that is bought is worth a pound that is taught.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.

N'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

Drink does not drown care, but waters it and makes it grow faster.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Good sense is a thing all need, few have, and none think they want.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, supped with Infamy.

When out of favor none know thee, when in, thou dost not know thyself.

If your riches are yours, why don't you take them with you to the other world?

Lend money to an enemy, and thou'lt gain him; to a friend, and thou'lt lose him.

Be civil to all; serviceable to many; familiar with few; friend to one; enemy to none.

Work as if you were to live a hun-

dred years; pray as if you were to die to-morrow.

The wise man draws more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friends.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

The Grange Flower Show.

The annual flower show given by the grange was held on Thursday, August 26, in Floral Cottage. Flowers in rich profusion and great variety filled the tables which were placed the entire length of the upper hall and many were the exclamations of delight that came from those whose pleasure it was to look upon them. The children's competition was of special interest and those who took prizes are to be congratulated because those who did not get a prize certainly did well in their efforts. The prizes were bestowed as follows, Joseph W. Field acting as judge.

General exhibit—1st prize, Dorothy and Hazel Clapp; 2nd prize, Doris Chamberlin.

Asters—1st prize, Doris Chamberlin; 2nd prize, Isabel Newton.

Sweet peas—1st prize, Miles Moore; 2nd prize, Beatrice Estabrook.

Nasturtiums—1st prize, Doris Chamberlin; 2nd prize, Bessie Dresser.

Pinks—1st prize, Doris Chamberlin; 2d prize, Dorothy and Hazel Clapp.

Special—1st prize, Rebecca Alexander, African daisies; 2nd prize, Bessie Moore, dahlias; 3rd prize, Dorothy and Hazel Clapp, poppies; 4th prize, Jack Callender, sunflowers.

Special mention should be made of the hall and doorway decorations by Mr. C. W. Mattoon, owner of Floral Cottage. These were done in excellent taste and were admired by all.

At the close of the exhibition an auction sale of the flowers together with the proceeds of the cake and candy sales brought the receipts to about \$25.

If a Woman Sawed.

"What is the meaning of the old adage about sawing wood and saying nothing?" asked the fair maid.

"It means that there is a man on the job," replied the home-grown philosopher.

"And why not a woman?" queried the f. m.

"Impossible," answered the local philosophy dispenser. "If a woman had to saw the wood the world would certainly hear about it."—Chicago News.

NOTICE

Mr. C. H. Otis has the agency for all magazines published in the United States and respectfully solicits the people of Northfield to procure their magazines and journals through him at no additional cost whatever.

Meets all trains at Northfield and South Vernon between 7 a. m. and 10 p. m., daily.

THE NORTHFIELD

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas, excellent table.

Good Livery and Garage

Packard touring car with competent chauffeur for rent.

Specially low rates in September, October and the winter months.

Illustrated Booklet Free

AMBERT G. MOODY, Manager

H. S. STONE, Ass't Manager

H. A. REED

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Rough and Finished

LUMBER

Windows, Doors, Laths, Shingles,
Clapboarding and

Interior Finishings

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East Northfield, Mass.

NEAR THE AUDITORIUM Phone 17-5

Portraits, Groups

Water Color Views

KODAKS

Films and Supplies

Finishing for Amateurs
a Specialty

POST CARDS

Over 100 of Halls, Campus,
River, Hermon, Town Drives,
Walks, etc.

Eighteen for Twenty-five Cents

LIVERY

BRITTON'S

Passenger and Baggage Transfer

Meets all trains at Northfield and South Vernon between 7 a. m. and 10 p. m., daily.

Also a good class of

LIVERY HORSES

At Reasonable Rates

TELEPHONE 29

Please Give Me a Call

We Want Your
Difficult Prescriptions

This is our specialty. When we fill your prescriptions your physician knows he gets just what his prescription calls for without the slightest deviation. We use drugs of extra purity in filling prescriptions. If you have a difficult prescription or one demanding extreme care, bring it to us. We charge no more for filling prescriptions than where ordinary drugs and less precaution are used. We want your trade and know how to keep it.

Lovell and Covel Co.'s Coronet and Reputation Chocolates

ALSO

Huylar's Unsurpassable Candies

The Best Ice Cream in Town

Woods Pharmacy

East Northfield Massachusetts

E. O. TRAVER, Pharmacist

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General Jobbing

9 Main Street, Northfield

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FIRST CLASS

Hand Laundry

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MAIN STREET

Northfield, Massachusetts

H. M. BRISTOL

Steam Fitting, Heating, etc.

All kinds of Sheet Metal Work

PLUMBING A SPECIALTY

ALSO AGENT FOR

Glenwood Stoves and Ranges

and

Florence Blue Flame Oil Stove

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Telephone Connection

Can You Foretell

When LIGHTNING will strike?
When a CHIMNEY is defective?
When an OIL STOVE will explode?
When a FURNACE will be overheated?
When a LIGHTED LAMP will fail?
When an INCENDIARY will "get busy"?
When MICE AND MATCHES will meet?
When OILY WASTE will ignite?
When OTHER FIRES will burn your home?
When a CONFLAGRATION will break out?
When CARELESSNESS will start a blaze?
When FIRES from any cause will occur?

Can You Afford

to risk losing the earnings of years?

If Not

protect yourself against loss by

ADEQUATE INSURANCE

DO IT NOW. TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE

WEBSTER'S

Insurance Agency

Representing 16 Companies, with

Assets of \$115,000,000

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MASS.

John W. Barber

GARAGE

STORAGE and LIVERY

Supplies and Sundries

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

All Work Guaranteed

Bicycles and Sporting Goods

AGENT FOR

Maxwell Automobiles and

Indian Motorcycles

MAIN AND SCHOOL STS. Tel. 52-5

MASS.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

First Parish (Unitarian).
Main street and Parker avenue.
Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, minister.
Services at 10.45 a. m.,
Sunday school 12m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main street, near Mill Brook.
Rev. N. Fay Smith, pastor.
Services
Sundays, 10.45 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

During the summer the services will be combined with those in the Auditorium

St. Patrick's Parish
Main St.
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, pastor.
Services every alternate Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Company A in Camp.

Twenty members of the 'Boys' Brigade went to Camp Cushman, near Shirley, Mass., last Monday morning to join in the 12th regiment U. B. B. A. in its annual outing. Besides the Northfield boys there are companies from Clinton, Maynard, Leominster and Worcester making about 100 campers in all. They have found a most beautiful spot where they are boating, fishing and swimming to their hearts' content. The victory of taking the camp by storm was gained by Company A last Monday. On Thursday night there was a siege in which General H. H. Gary led the defense against an attack by Colonel Cushman of Clinton. We have not yet received a report of the result.

To-day the regiment will march to Shirley and back, a distance of four miles. Camp will be broken on Monday and Company A will arrive on the 1.37 train. The members of Company A who were in camp are as follows: William C. Roberts, Commandant, Richard Holton, Ralph Doane, George Carr, Carl Newton, Ray Spencer, Harold McGrath, Allen Putnam, Ernest Howard, Philip Wood, Raymond Culver, William Dalton, Carl Holton, Wyckoff Sword, James Shea, Harold Thomas, Mark McLean, Alford Holton, Joseph Waite and William White.

In addition to these Rev. N. F. Smith, Dr. R. H. Philbrick and Mr. A. P. Pitt were with them for a part of the time and Mr. McBrayne and Mr. Wright who accompanied them did valiant service in getting the camp in order.

"Satan" is the concise title of a book recently written by the Rev. Louis S. Chafer of East Northfield and published by the Gospel Publishing company. It is a book emphatically scriptural and would carry but little conviction to the mind of an unbeliever. But to him who accepts the truth of the Old and New Testaments it will bring perhaps a clearer conception and certainly a fuller realization of the place and power of Satan in the world than any book of its size that has been written. Of it Dr. C. I. Schofield says "I know of no other book on Satan in which the dispensational aspects of the subject are so clearly stated, nor any other so severely Biblical."

Lecture Course.

The Boys' Brigade lecture course for the season of 1909-1910 is now fully arranged and is as follows:

October 18—The Eastern Concert company, Northfield town hall.

November 26—An evening with the Boys of Company A, Northfield seminary gymnasium.

December 17—Ernest Gamble Concert company, town hall.

December 31—Aerial navigation. Lecture by Henry Helm Clayton, town hall.

February 4—Parland-Newhall company, town hall.

February—Keene Chorus club. (Place and date to be announced.)

March 25—Competitive drill, seminary gymnasium.

April 29—The canal zone to-day, lecture by Frank Farnsworth, town hall.

The price of this entire course is only \$1. Tickets may be secured from members of the brigade.

HIS HARDEST TASK.

The Bull the Matador Found It Most Difficult to Kill.

There is no description of a bullfight in Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott's book, "Sun and Shadow in Spain," but there is a record of a meeting with a matador in the studio of the court painter, Don Jose Villegas, and the ensuing conversation, a part of which revealed the bullfighter in an unexpectedly gentle light. It also makes plain the fundamental reason why Americans object to bullfights.

"How many bulls have you killed?" some one asked of the matador.

"In twenty-five years I have killed 3,500 bulls."

"Were you ever afraid?"

"I have been afraid many, many times. On those occasions I put my trust in my legs and ran as fast as I could."

"The bull, however, is the noblest of animals and the bravest. He never makes a cowardly attack from behind. He is so frank. He is terrible, though. A man needs nerve to face him when he comes into the ring pawing the earth and bellowing."

"Will you tell us about the bull that was the hardest of all to kill?"

The matador's face changed.

"He was a white bull," he said slowly, "and he didn't want to fight. When he first came in he put his muzzle in my hand. He followed me about like a little dog. I led him with the cloak wherever I wanted to go. Yes, that was the hardest bull of all to kill."

THE "GHOST FLUID."

A Test by Which May Be Discerned the Digital Effluvia.

There is an experiment, first made by Dr. J. Maxwell, advocate general at the court of appeals in Paris, a distinguished magistrate and physician, which may be repeated in any drawing room.

Place a screen covered with a dark colored cloth in front of a window so that the light falls full upon it. Between the window and the screen put the subject of your experiment. Let him hold his hands, palms toward the breast, finger tips touching, in such a position that they are projected against the dark background of the screen. Then bid him slowly separate his hands, keeping the fingers extended widely. Standing behind him you will observe a sort of bluish gray cloud which seems to unite one hand to the other. Eight people out of ten will see this, says Vance Thompson in Hampton's Magazine. In 300 tests made by Dr. Maxwell personally 250 folk of one sex and the other discerned the digital effluvia; about 5 per cent saw it tinged a decided blue, two saw it yellow in tone, and in one instance the spectator saw it of a reddish hue.

The experiment succeeds best in a warm room. Cold and damp work against it. The duration of durability is four or five seconds.

Rammed by a Shark.

The strangest shark story which ever came to the writer's ears was of a shark that charged a steamer. This was in Queen Charlotte's sound, and an account of the incident appeared in a Vancouver paper. The captain of the steamer, which was a small craft of only fifty tons or so, saw the shark on the surface on the port bow and could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at it with his rifle. He hit his mark, whereupon the monster, said to have been fully twenty feet in length, deliberately charged the steamer. The boat quivered from stem to stern, and the captain said afterward that it was like striking a rock. After this display of temper Master Shark had had enough of it and sank out of sight.—T. C. Bridges in Chambers' Journal.

Did He Mean to Be Funny?

The editor of a newspaper whose policy it is to print many letters from correspondents in neighboring towns recently received such a communication from his representative in one place as to which he was not quite sure. He could not decide whether the correspondent was unconsciously humorous or whether he was endeavoring to comply with the standing instructions of the paper to "always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns." The item read as follows: "Mr. Harry Spinks, the well known butcher of this place, has been losing flesh rapidly of late"—Lippincott's.

What He Lacked.

It is related of a South American general, who was extremely well pleased with himself, that once when about to sally forth to a grand dance he surveyed himself contentedly in the mirror and then soliloquized thus:

"Ah! Thou hast all—bravery, wealth, position, good looks. Ah, what dost thou lack?"

Whereupon his orderly, who, unknown to the general, was close at hand, remarked:

"Sense, general, sense!"

WANTED

Advertisements under "Wanted," "For sale," "For Rent," etc., will be inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line.

WANTED—Boy or girl of about 18 for two hours' work a day. Inquire at Press office.

SITUATION WANTED—To do general housework by an experienced woman who wishes to have her child, two and a half years old, with her. Address, E. W. K., office of Northfield Press.

FURNISHED House Wanted—In East Northfield, for a period of perhaps four years. Address Elliott W. Brown Proctor Block.

WANTED—Pupils in the art of Voice Development. Mrs. M. E. Merrill, Northfield.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Tenement of five rooms. Corner Warwick Avenue and Main St. \$8.00 per month. Apply to Brown & Coe, Proctor Block.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Seed Rye \$1 per bushel, D. F. Sutherland, Maple Farms, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—160 acres, houses, barn for 25 head, 1½ miles from Main St., Northfield. 6 head cattle, 1 horse, 7 acres in corn and potatoes, 2 years' stock of wood, 2 horse wagon, implements, tools, etc. Running water to house and barn. A decided bargain, \$2000. Elliott W. Brown.

FOR SALE—Only five left out of eleven English sheep dog puppies. Beauties. Speak quick and get your choice. Thomas E. Hart at Proctor's Livery.

FOR SALE—Three full blooded French Bull puppies. Pedigreed and eligible to registry in the A. K. C. Walter Doollittle, Warwick Ave.

FOR SALE—Dry Slab wood sawed in stove lengths. H. A. Reed.

PROFESSIONAL

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No. 3 LEONARD STREET
Tuesday forenoons and Friday afternoons at F. L. Proctor's Livery
MAIN STREET, NORTHFIELD

A. L. NEWTON, M. D.

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Office Hours: Before 8.00 a. m.
from 12.30 to 2.00 p. m. and
from 7.00 to 8.30 p. m.
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9.43	9.55
10.35	10.44
2.05 p. m.	2.25 p. m.
2.25	3.05
5.17	3.25
10.04	4.48
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E. R. Hyde and daughter of Clinton, Mass. Mr. Hyde is a Mount Hermon graduate and the well beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Clinton. Mr. Farwell was for many years the superintendent of the old Montague paper mill at Turners Falls, which a few years ago was merged into the International Paper company. He is one of the pioneer paper makers of Franklin County.

Work will soon begin on a new building in the center of Northfield. Mr. A. W. Proctor will move his harness shop from where it now stands on the corner of Main street and Warwick avenue and will erect a two story building, the first floor of which will be occupied by the Northfield Press.

At the parsonage of the First Parish the evening of Wednesday, September 1, William B. Burrows of Northfield, and Mabel N. Shine of Brattleboro were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. M. Wilson.

Eighteen of Miss Daphne Lazelle's friends conspired together and chose her birthday, August 26, to swoop down upon her with all manner of substantial tokens of their affection. It was a most successful and enjoyable surprise party.

Miss Anna Day has purchased the residence of Mrs. Dewolf opposite the Northfield Hotel and will take possession in October. The members of the girls' club are delighted over the prospect of having Miss Day, who organized the club, with them again.

A most unusual growth of bushes and vines may be seen in the croath of the old maple tree in front of Floral Cottage on Maple Avenue. Seemingly growing out of the tree are a red raspberry bush, a black raspberry bush, an elm, an elderberry bush, a bittersweet berry vine and a white currant bush. The theory to account for this collection is that the seeds were dropped in the old maple by birds.

An unusually interesting meeting of the Women's Alliance of First church was held last Wednesday afternoon. The alliances of both Warwick and Athol were represented by generous delegations and the union of these neighboring societies was much enjoyed. Mrs. E. W. Barny of Warwick entertained the gathering with readings of stories about children which illustrated the methods and the material which she aims to introduce into Sunday schools. After the readings by request she made a short address describing the extent of her work among the Sunday schools of Rhode Island and Massachusetts and the improvements she hopes to encourage. Brief remarks were made by one or two others, and then the president, Mrs. Wilson, invited all present to go to parlor and vestry and join in the sociability of afternoon tea. An hour or more was spent delightfully in this manner.

"Here is a little present for you—a superb £5000 necklace."

"Oh! How nice of you!"

"—that I will let you have for £1600."—Ideas.

"Good gracious, isn't that your husband across the street there quarreling with the man on the opposite porch?"

"Oh they're not really quarreling. They dispute that way every night. George is a monoplanist and Mr. Stiggins is a biplanist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oh, Scissors!

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."—Everybody's Magazine.

Sand.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day. It was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay. It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of SAND.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip, And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with SAND.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made: If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland, You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of SAND.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand, And you'll slide clear to the bottom if you haven't any SAND.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen, If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, And you'll reach a place called Rich-town at a rate of speed that's grand,

If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of SAND.

—Caxton Magazine.

Operating for the Musical Touch.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to. "Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?" "Certainly you will" the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you'r a wonder, Doc. I never could before."—Everybody's Magazine.

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FRANKLIN COUNTY

Frank B. Foster of Gill, died on Sept. 14th.

The 85th annual meeting of the Baptists of the Miller River Association, convened at Orange, yesterday. A good attendance is reported.

Rev. Mr. Harrison is taking Mr. Conaughey's pulpit for a few Sundays at the Congregational church at Gill. Much needed repairs are being made on the church.

The Boys' club of Millers Falls, recently invited Leslie Reed, Y. M. C. A. county secretary, to address them on the Association's work in rural towns, with a possible view to the organization of a branch in Millers Falls.

The old elm tree near the site of the old Indian house at Deerfield, has reached its last stages. Last Sunday morning the greater part of the tree fell from age, and the remainder will be cut down. It was very old and badly decayed.

Ex-Senator Herbert C. Parsons, whose name has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the House from the Greenfield district this year, has authorized the statement that he is not a candidate in any sense and that the use of his name had been without authorization.

The water commissioners have completed their plans for taking a strip of land around Lake Pleasant for the protection of the water supply for Turners Falls, which comes from the lake. A petition will have to be made to the state board of health for a hearing, and in case of favorable action on the part of the board, the plans will be filed in the office of the clerk at Greenfield.

About 150 feet of macadam road on Main street, Greenfield, just below the Town Hall, are being resurfaced. About two inches of No. 2 stone are spread on a compacted subgrade, and rolled down to about an inch and a half. Then about 212 gallons of hot tarvia for laying the dust are spread over a square yard. Tarvia is a bituminous macadam binder used as a substitute for the ordinary dust binder. Coarse screenings are spread over the surface as the last thing. The tarvia is said to keep the water out and the macadam in good shape and, of course, requires no sprinkling with water. The method is similar to the one adopted by the highway commission in the construction of roads and the results are said to be highly satisfactory where the plan has been tried. It is further claimed by some that freedom from dust can be obtained more cheaply by this process than by sprinkling with water, which is at best unsatisfactory in many respects. Will the Northfield selectmen please take notice!

Northfield Seminary

The following trustees were in town over Sunday last: Col. Chas. A. Hopkins, Brookline, Mass.; Chas. R. Otis, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stearns, Jr., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood, Boston; Geo. E. Keith, Brockton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Proctor, Arthur Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Crossett, all of Boston. A meeting was held last Saturday at which, Miss Hall presented an informal report upon the opening of school and the prospects for the year.

This is the 31st year of the Seminary, 451 students are already registered. Over 725 applications for admission have been received, of which only 160 were favorably considered because of lack of room or other reasons. 310 girls are housed in the school dormitories, 63 at Hotel Northfield, under school supervision, while 23 room outside. Town girls and those who are working their way in private homes number 37 more.

Emma Fitt is the first grandchild of D. L. Moody to enjoy the privileges of the Seminary. She is enrolled as a second prep.

Seventeen young ladies are enrolled as students in the Bible school at the Northfield for the new term.

A reception was tendered the 160 new students by the Young Women's Christian Association in Skinner gymnasium on Monday night. Flags and other decorations gave a parlor effect to the Gym. Vocal selections were given by Miss Tillinghaast, and there were recitations and instrumental selections by students. Addresses of welcome were made by Miss Hall and Miss Beulah Clark, president of the Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Smith, who graduated last

June, has gone home for a week, after which she goes to Atlanta, Ga., to train as a nurse in Dr. Len G. Broughton's hospital. Her goal is the foreign field.

Daily chapel has been held in Sage Chapel since the beginning of term. Dr. A. T. Pierson's giving a connected series of talks on "Life Problems" this week. Mr. W. R. Moody led a Round Top service last Sunday afternoon.

Mount Hermon School

W. Y. Duncan, a graduate of the school, is teaching Rev. James McConaughy's Bible classes while the latter is away for a few days.

Mr. John R. Mott, of the World's Student Federation, spoke at chapel last Sunday morning on religious conditions and needs in Latin lands.

Old Hermonites have been elected president of the Christian Associations at Yale and Harvard, for the current year, W. Y. Duncan and W. R. Ohler, respectively.

During the past week it has been the pleasure and privilege of the Mount Hermon boys to hear the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., speak at the chapel services. He has addressed them on the subject, "The Problems of Life," and his talks have been of great benefit to the students.

In athletics the different hall associations are all working on their football teams. The material for all the teams seems to be of a high class. An exciting series is expected. The captains of the different teams are as follows: John Anderson, Jr., Crossley Hall; Albert Journey, Cottages; Charles Lahm, Overtown Hall.

A meeting of the trustees was held here on Monday. Mr. H. H. Proctor, president of the board, presided. Other trustees present were: Col. Chas. A. Hopkins, Messrs. R. H. Stearns, Geo. E. Keith and Lewis A. Crossett. Mr. Wm. Thorne Scoville of New York, was also present, representing the treasurer, Mr. E. H. Bulkeley.

There has scarcely been a time in the history of the school when so many changes have been taking place on the campus. The new gymnasium is now having the brickwork of the walls laid. The repairs on Crossley Hall are nearing completion. When finished that building will have bath-rooms and a washroom on every floor. The central stairway has been moved to make room for these improvements. The entrances now being at the ends of the building.

A new water main is being put in at present, which will have hydrants at different points in the campus, thus minimizing the dangers from fire.

The enrollment for the present term, although not quite as large as in previous fall terms, has reached the considerable figure of 425.

The plans for the gymnasium promise a building similar in general style and color to the new dining hall, except that white marble instead of granite will be used for trimmings and Doric instead of the Ionic order of architecture.

The building, which is already in progress, will face the west side of the present athletic field. The main part will be about 124 feet long and 54 wide. An entrance pavilion—25 feet by 43—containing offices and stairways, will open on to the six-columned portico of the entrance.

Above the main floor a running track, extending around the entire building, and a special exercise room over the entrance are planned. The basement, approached by the main staircase and by a direct entrance at the north end, will contain lockers, showers, and a swimming pool 20 feet by 64. The building will be heated throughout by steam from the central heating and lighting plant.—Record.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

An enterprising commercial traveler attempted to bribe a country merchant in Scotland with a box of cigars.

"Na, na," said the merchant, shaking his head gravely, "I canna tak' em; I nae dae business th' way."

"Nonsense," said the drummer, "but if you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a shilling for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the honest shopkeeper, "I'll take two boxes."—New York Globe.

BRATTLEBORO VALLEY FAIR.

The Brattleboro Valley Fair will be held this year on Tuesday to Friday, Sept. 28-30. An advertisement appears in another column. Next week we hope to give fuller particulars.

Direct Primaries.

"The Direct Primary" is the topic of a very careful and well-conceived article by Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University, in The North American Review. Professor Ford considers his theme from every point of view with many instances. He observes:

"As the late Speaker Reed frankly declared: 'We have at present irresponsible government, so divided that nobody can tell who is to blame.' In this situation party organization performs a great service, because it roughly locates power somewhere, thus assuming a vague but real responsibility by making power the football of faction. Power will rest somewhere just the same, but few will know where, so that it will be released from any responsibility for results. The behavior of legislative bodies will be peculiarly exposed to irresponsible influence. It is already plain that the direct primary affords means of setting up secret control. The investigation of the last Senatorial election in Wisconsin showed that various members of the Legislature were employed as electioneering agents. A wealthy candidate, as an incident of his canvass, could get a Legislature deeply under his influence by pecuniary favors. This would be a development quite in accord with historical precedent. The magnate and his clients were a familiar political factor in the government of the Roman commonwealth when it was conducted on the lines that are now imitated in the American State."

WISE WORDS.

To err is human, to forgive divine.—Pope.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Posidippus.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.

An absolute solitude is contrary to humanity.—Petrarch.

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent.—Seneca.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.—Shakespeare.

Do not make unjust gains; they are equal to a loss.—Hesiod.

That man is not poor who has the use of things necessary.—Horace.

How completely blessed is prudence in a good disposition!—Diphilus.

Most men are bad; whatever good thing thou doest, ascribe to God.—Diogenes.

Justice consist in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offense.—Cicero.

If we gave assistance to each other no one would be in want of fortune.—Menander.

To give and to lose is nothing, but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.—Seneca.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

Shortly after marriage the average man acts as if he had conferred a great favor on his wife by leading her to the altar.—Chicago Daily News.

Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, "It is there?" Justice is like the kingdom of God: it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.—Geo. Eliot.

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.—George Eliot.

The Best Jail.

Thomas Nelson Page was talking in the smoking room of the Amerika about the old-fashioned bad men of the West.

"They are extinct now," said Mr. Page, "and I am sorry. They were, you know, so picturesque. I remember a Western trip."

He laughed heartily.

"We were all seated in the bar-room of Tin Can or Dead Cur—some such town. I was the only tenderfoot present. Every man about me bristled with guns and knives like an enraged porcupine. If I refused to drink, I was given to understand I would be turned into a human pin cushion or worse."

"Well, as I sipped a friendly glass of something resembling wood alcohol, a very bad man, indeed, rode on a prancing mustang right into the barroom. He drew up and had a drink. Then, spying me, he said:

"Whar ye from, stranger?"

"Richmond," said I.

"Not good old Richmond, Va.?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said I; "do you know it?"

"Know it?" he shouted. "Know it? Best jail I ever was in."

Washington Star.

VALLEY FAIR

Brattleboro, Vt.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Sept. 28, 29 and 30

\$12,000 in Prizes

\$4000 in Purse

\$1000 Free-For-All
Sept. 30th

Best Fair in New England

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Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort.

Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas, excellent table.

Good Livery and Garage.

Packard touring car with competent chauffeur for rent.

Specially low rates in September, October and the winter months.

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Proctor Block

Northfield, Mass.

ADVERTISE



*For the
Younger
Children...*

GROWN UP PEOPLE.

Margie's mother was sowing some seeds and explaining how they would come up plants.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Margie, "they go to bed babies and get up grown people."—Philadelphia Record.

A TURTLE DAY.

I want to tell you about an experience I had last spring when I had the turtle fever and was very anxious to find some turtles myself. I started out one morning carrying a net over my shoulder in search of them. I walked all around a little lake where turtles would most likely live, but not one could I find. I was about to give up when I remembered a little near the lake where I had often seen turtles. I walked cautiously toward the edge and then my heart beat fast, for there in the bottom of the pond, right near the shore, was a turtle. Now every one knows that these reptiles dive into the mud at the least noise, and it requires a cautious and quick movement to get one, so I thought it best to catch it with my hand. Slowly I reached to

BLIND DUKE.



When I am out at play
Duke jumps and risks about—
Runs when he sees me run—
Barks when he hears me shout!
And when I trudge to school
Across the grassy fields
Who should it be but Duke
Galumphing at my heels!

—Written for the Washington Star by Marietta M. Andrews.

ward it and then made a grab. But caught such a slimy, horrid creature I held. Not like the ordinary water turtle at all, but a soft spongy shell and a big head that twisted around and tried to bite me. I never had such an unpleasant surprise. I dropped the turtle, you may be sure, but after so much labor I was determined not to go home empty handed. So I tried to take him home in a handkerchief, but his ugly head first peered out from one corner and then from the other. He frightened me so that I dropped him, handkerchief and all, into the pond. For a long time after that I did not try to go "turtling."—Beulah Frances Pach, in the New York Tribune.

ON THE MERRICK ROAD.

Life on the Merrick road, which leads along the south shore of Long Island, on sunny Sunday afternoon is a very exciting thing. At sunrise the "honk" of the first automobiles wakes the slumbering resident, and from that time on till late at night there is an endless procession of vehicles going to and fro. There is everything from a \$10,000 French car to a bicycle.

At half-past 4 on Sunday afternoon a bus full of fellows, who evidently had been on an excursion further down the island, came lumbering along the Merrick road. The occupants, all very much intoxicated, were quarreling among themselves. A couple of them were half asleep. A small boy, a brother of one of the men, sat on the steps, paying no attention to his comrades. The dispute became more and more heated. One of the sleepers woke up, but, in spite of the efforts of the rest, the other man could not be aroused. At last, full of anger and alcohol, the company fell upon him and beat him until he jumped out and ran up the road, where a free for all fight followed. Numbers being against him, he soon fell down in the road, when four of the men kicked him in the head. At this a few of the assailants became faint-hearted and ran off, breaking down hedges, trampling over flower beds and arousing all the dogs in the neighborhood.

By this time a policeman and a fireman arrived and arrested four of the chief offenders. Three they let go, taking the drunkenest man to the Board of Health office for the night and to Mineola jail. The one who had been kicked was taken to a doctor, where he had his head tied up. The road in the wake of the wagon was strewn with gauges, beer bottles and tin cans. The town officials

All great forces are invisible and silent; only their effects are seen. The power of a true life, who can measure it?

Corn is our greatest crop, that of 1908 being valued at \$1,618,000,000.

Farm Topics

INSECTS ON CUCUMBER VINES.

If the cucumber vines look dry and yellow and the blossoms are dropping off pepper them copiously with red pepper, especially the under sides of the leaves, and the blight will be stopped. It is caused by a small elusive insect which, however, the red pepper seems to find and destroy.

FEEDING HOGS.

One farmer, who raises about a thousand hogs a year and who, in one year, sold \$11,200 worth, makes a practice of growing his hogs on alfalfa pasture until about eight months old, feeding one ear of corn per head daily. He then feeds heavily on corn for a month or two and sells at an average weight of 200 to 225 pounds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

SHEEP AND WEEDS.

Sprouts and many varieties of noxious weeds yield palatable feed to the industrious sheep that nip them. While the presence of undesirable vegetation and brush on a farm is not the best excuse for keeping a flock, it must be admitted that many farmers adopt sheep primarily as a means of combating weeds. Worthier objects can be accomplished by the dependable aid of these animals, but on many farms they pay well as weeder and can be allowed to work in that capacity without depreciating them for other purposes.

Sheep are peculiarly adapted to rolling or hilly land, though some breeds thrive on low, level areas. Sprouts from stumps and the underbrush of wooded hillsides are commonest where hillsides abound, and sheep are particularly fond of the succulence which they afford.—Breeders' Gazette.

KILLING RATS.

A method of poisoning rats employed by a lumber and grain company in Kansas is said to be a success. The method is this: They get an old smoothing iron with a hole in the top, put in crushed strichine, pour in rainwater, stir it and place ready for the rats. The rats drink it freely and they are killed. Many of them go into their holes and die, where they are eaten by the live ones which, of course, kills them. The heavy iron is used, as it will not upset or move about easily. This method of poisoning would be all right for barns and outbuildings, but where the rats were killed around dwelling houses, the smell of the dead decaying rodents would be very offensive, and they would be where it would be impossible to get at them. The plan of sprinkling concentrated lye in the runways appeals to us as a good one. The rat steps on the lye with moist feet and he immediately feels a burn. He licks his feet and there is more burn and he makes himself scarce.—Farmers' Guide.

FAT HORSES THE DEMAND.

The day of the thin-fleshed horse is passed. Strange, yet true, high-priced feeds have brought an increased demand for higher conditioned animals of all kinds. The poor, old cow is not much in demand, fresh beef and fat beef is what the beef eater asks for regardless of price. The canned beef is not the thing with the common people or the uncommon. The same is true with mutton and pork eaters; everybody wants high conditioned, fleshy animals.

The poor old horse and thin young horse is discriminated against in the market until the horse dealer has become a horse conditioner, or more properly speaking, there has been created through this demand for flesh a new middle man whose business is buying up the out-of-condition horse and putting him in the feed lot, where a bunch of his kind are congregated to be fed out, fattened like a lot of steers for the fat market, except the fat horse goes to the city horse market to be sold and put into team work on the streets.

The heavy draft horse made fat is in demand, and if in matched teams bring the top prices in the market. Fine, stylish, big horses, of course, mean much more than merely fat horses, but this excellent quality of horse to sell for the highest price must be in high flesh. A fat horse always looks good, especially to the man who knows little or nothing about a horse, no matter what his imperfections may be. This is where the old saying originated, no doubt, "A high condition of flesh covers up many defects."

It is now customary among professional horse raisers and dealers to grow and put flesh on the colt just as rapidly as he can stand it. The sooner he attains horse size the sooner he is marketable and the more money he makes his producer. The stock raiser of to-day of any kind of animal seeks early maturity, and the faster and fatter the animal grows and develops the better for the profit side of the account.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—Such a waist as this one serves an indefinite number of uses. It is equally well adapted to the entire gown and to wear with the



skirt is a novel one, made in two portions, one overlapping the other, and is closed invisibly at the back.

Bishop Sleeves With Caps.

Bishop sleeves make one of the very latest developments of fashion and those illustrated, with separate caps, are exceedingly smart as well as practical. The lower portion of each is designed for thinner material, while the cap is supposed to match the blouse, and it will be seen at a glance that they are admirably well adapted to remodeling as well as for new material. The sleeves can be made in long, three-quarter or elbow length. In the illustration the full length sleeve is made with a cuff of fancy material, the three-quarter sleeve is made with a cuff which matches the cap, and the elbow sleeve is made with the under portion of dotted Swiss and the over portion embroidered in a simple but effective design. The caps can be embroidered, trimmed with banding or with applique or treated in any way that fancy may suggest.

All the sleeves are designed to be made over a fitted foundation. The full, or bishop portion, is made in one piece and gathered at upper and lower edges and the cap is made in one piece finished separately. The full length sleeve is finished with a shaped cuff, the three-quarter sleeve is finished

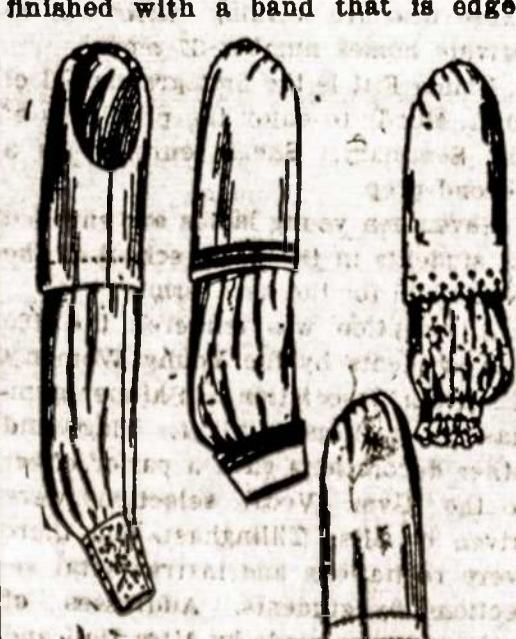


odd skirt; it can be made from linen, madras and materials of the sort, or it can be made from the pongee that promises to be such a favorite for the

odd blouse of the incoming season, and it is admirably well adapted to cashmere, henrietta cloth and simple silk and to various other materials of a similar sort. It allows effective use of buttons, it has a tailored effect, yet it is simple within. There are epauvette-like portions which extend over the shoulders, giving becoming breadth, and the sleeves are simple and effective, yet relieved of all over severity.

In the illustration cashmere is trimmed with satin covered buttons in matching color.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which includes plain sleeves, the fronts, back trimming and sleeve portions of the waist proper. The waist is tucked in groups and is finished with the trimming portions, which are arranged over it and stitched to position. The closing of the lining is made at the centre front of the waist, slightly to the left. The sleeves are made in sections, the central portions being tucked, while the outer portions overlap them. The col-



with a frill. The cap in each instance is arranged over both foundation and bishop sleeve.

Bill Mathison, Medicine-Man.

How Magic and the Muse Bewitched the Blackfeet.

Bill Mathison stood in the cabin doorway malevolently regarding the huddle of many-poled lodges across the river. Shriek yelps rose in a chorus as a copper colored crane issued from a lodge and hurled malefactions and pieces of firewood at a pack of thieving mongrel dogs. On the flat beyond the tepees, a bunch of ponies, a thousand head or more, of mingled breeds and many colors, were being held together in a compact mass by mounted Indians, while scores on foot prowled through the circling herd, catching trim little ponies and leading them to their tepees.

"Blast 'em!" growled Bill. "If they stay another week, antelope 'll be nae mair plentif' than water on the Mohave; an' there'll be no grass enop' on you bottom tae feed a healthy prairie dog, mair less a bunch o' calves."

"If we was in God's country now," mourned Todd Wayne, as he wiped the last of the breakfast dishes, "an' sech doin's was takin' place, there'd be a bunch uh Injuns hotfootin' it for the reservation, with certain representatives uh Uncle Sammy givin' em a touch un' high life on the rear. These here Canadians is more deliber-ate."

"Oh, ay! they'll be around." Bill caught a whiff of the rank odor that hangs like a halo about an Indian camp. He slammed the door viciously, and sat down with his feet cocked up on the stove front. "But the red devils 'll ha'e a' the hides an' jerked meat they'll want by that time. It's a cryin' shame tae see the puft beasts murdered by the hoondred."

"It shord is," Todd agreed, "but I don't see that we got any license t' enforce the game laws—them bucks is somewhat numerous for two white men."

Over in the Blackfoot camp the hunters mounted and rode north; fourscore greasy, bead-decked aborigines, wrapped in the many-hued blankets furnished by a benevolent Indian Department, their post-trader rifles looped to their saddle horns.

Ten miles north of the Red Deer no soft-breathed chinook had touched the hills since the first fall of snow. Blizzards, bearing the chill of the ice pack and ever-lying snows, swept up from the north and tore across the wilderness that lies between the North Saskatchewan and the Red D-r, driving the antelope farther and farther south; for when the snow covers the grass on the hills, and buries the sagebrush in the hollows, the prong-horns must seek fresh grazing grounds. That was why the Blackfeet under Medicine Child jumped the reservation and hunted in the Red Deer country.

Their method was simple and, under the conditions, eminently successful. Then they rode in a body until they came to the deep snow. Then they scattered east and west until there was a crescent-shaped line of braves, five miles from end to end. In this formation they combed the country, driving thousands of antelope before them to a bend in the river, across which, because of the glassy ice, the prong-horns could not go. When the frightened wild things surged to and fro, seeking to break through the ever-tightening lines, the Indians cast off their mask of stoicism and fell to slaughtering, with flashing eyes and shrill whooping, until the last antelope had broken desperately through the line of barking guns or lay unheeding in the trampled snow.

The popping of guns down the river and the sight of the squaws hastening away with skinning knives and pack ponies to carry the meat, provoked Bill Mathison to the utterance of profane sentiments. As he and Todd Wayne surveyed the killing from the roof of the calf shed, and speculated on the length of time it would take to wipe out the antelope on the Red Deer at that rate, there came a jangle of bells, and a single horse sleigh slipped out of the mouth of the coulee down which ran the home ranch trail.

"Good enough! That's the wise gent that teaches school at Beaver Crossin'," Todd exclaimed. "I'm share glad somebody's come along. Yuh're good company, Scotty, but yuh've got t' brodin' over this Injun proposition, and it's gettin' monotonous."

"Aw, whilst yer fule talk," commanded Bill. Then he shouted hospitably to the newcomer. "Fit yer nae l' the stable an' gas right in. We'll be wi' you as soon as we feed these blattin' beasts o' calves."

When Bill and Todd finished taking care of their stock they hastened to the cabin. The schoolteacher had built a roaring fire, and was interestingly watching the Indian camp through a space he had thawed on the frosted window pane. A box, about two feet square, stood in the centre of the floor. The lid was thrown

on extra socks and dry moccasins and went outside. Their actions did not betray anything unusual. They simply secured an axe each, and split a good sized pile of firewood.

They piled the wood forty or fifty yards from the cabin almost on the river bank. While Todd whittled shavings to start a fire Bill dived into the cabin, reappearing in a moment with a ten-foot square of white cotton. This he fastened securely to a line that ran from the woodpile to the stable, placing blocks of wood on the lower edge to hold it taut.

When Bill had completed his task Todd signified that he was ready to start the fire. Bill shouted to the cabin: "We're ready noo, if ye are."

The window lights were abruptly blotted out a second after he spoke. They fanned the fire a little, and as the flame shot up a nipping night breeze caught and blew it to a roaring blaze. From the blackness of the cabin wall a yellow glare of light shot forth, wavering a moment, then fastened fairly on the white cotton square, and disappeared.

"The old boy's got the proper focus, all right, all right," Todd remarked, jocularly. "Aint it about time t' begin the grand march? Spose your copper faced friends don't get curious?"

"Dinna ye fear," Bill replied, testily, "the red devils 'll be here fast enoo'. Hae ye the concertina?"

"I shore have," said Todd, producing the instrument. "I ain't no Padroosky, Bill, but I'll do the best I can."

He squatted in the snow by the fire, and, slipping his mitts into his coat pocket, stretched the bellows and ran his fingers over the keys of the antiquated affair. The squeaking notes shrilled wonderfully loud in the silence. While Todd indulged in a few preliminary flourishes, Bill heaped wood on the fire. Then he slipped out of his fur coat and straightened up with a six-shooter in his hand; the barking crack-crack of it went echoing far up and down the river.

The Blackfeet, peering out of their tepees at the report of the gun, noted the fire by the Gordon line camp. They looked with growing wonder at the figures of the two men vividly silhouetted in the glare, one huddled by the fire, the other capering before it with loud cries and strange contortions of his body; and as the squeaky trill of the concertina drifted over the frozen river, the Indian dogs voiced a canine protest that died away in an eerie, wolf-like howl. Hesitating between curiosity and superstitious fear, the Blackfeet listened and watched silently, until Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, medicine man, struck his inflated chest with the palm of his hand, and spoke.

"It may be that the white men have drank too much firewater," he shrilled. "Or they may make medicine against us; for they like us not. Shall fifty lodges of the Blackfeet stand in fear before two palefaces? Let us cross the river and behold the things they do! My medicine is stronger than theirs—and it is far to where dwell the redcoats, in their big tepees of wood."

By the time Bill Mathison had executed some thirty different steps of the Highland fling, great drops of sweat were standing out on his tanned cheeks, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he heard Todd growl encouragingly, "Go to it, old boy! Yuh got 'em a-comin'." As Bill balanced airily on the toes of one foot, pirouetting like a giddy chorus girl, and yip-yapping in a manner that amazed even Todd, he heard the shuffling pat-pat of moccasins in the snow. He glimpsed a line of inscrutable bronze faces peering at him out of the dark. Closer they pressed, until the light of the fire touched their features with its glow, and their figures took on tangible shape. Then

"They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,

Bill faced them with hands outspread. Todd fingered the keys dolorously.

"Have the Blackfeet come to behold the strength of my medicine?" he asked, calmly. Bill spoke the Blackfoot tongue like a chief of the tribe, and wide knowledge of their customs and superstitions gave him a solid foundation to work upon.

"What medicine does the white man boast of?" Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly demanded, in a scornful tone. "Does he think the Blackfeet are little children to fear a fire and a thing that squeaks and groans with a strange voice?"

"Listen! For many days the Blackfeet have had good hunting on the Red Deer. Is it not so?" Bill made a gesture up and down the river.

"Our young men have had good hunting," responded Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, spokesman by virtue of his position when medicine talk was made.

"Even so!" thundered Bill. "The hunting has been good—so good that the young men, having powder aplenty, slaughtered the prong-horns for the joy of killing. And now the carcasses, stripped only of hide and tongue, lie on the river bottoms as close together as the cottonwoods in the coulees; so that when the chinook comes the stink of them will drive even the gray badger to the high lands. Wherefore, O men of the Blackfoot nation! The Great Spirit is angry. And he has said to me this night, 'Make medicine, and I, the Great Spirit, will send a sign that the Blackfeet who hunt under Medicine Child may be warned and cease their wanton slaying of the deer.'

Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly and Medicine Child exchanged guttural confidences for a minute. The younger Indians stood silent, but the gleam in their roving eyes betokened an uneasy spirit. All through this Todd Wayne with bowed head faithfully squeezed pianissimo strains out of the concertina, oblivious, seemingly, to his surroundings.

"We would see the sign," boldly declared Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly. "We are no coyotes, to be driven from our hunting by a white man who speaks loudly. Show our young men the sign, white medicine-maker."

Turning his back on the Indians, Bill Mathison threw his arms aloft and shouted invocation to the black masses of cloud-drift overhead. The strident tones of him went bellowing across the hills. What he said was Greek to the Indians, and even Todd Wayne, though he attended strictly to the orchestral part of the affair, racked his brains to make sense of the words. But Frank Howell, listening through a window, caught such fragments as

"They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

And coost her duddies tae the wark,

And lincket at it l' her sark,"

and he leaned against the casement, holding hands to his shaking sides.

Of a surety Bill Mathison knew how to conjure up spirits.

Suddenly he ceased and held both hands over the dying fire, palms down. There was a sputter, a brilliant flash of blood-red flame that died away instantly. Bill faced the cabin and, pointing into the gloom, shouted: "Behold the sign!"

As he spoke a yellow glare showed fearlessly bright on what seemed empty atmosphere. In a breath a group of Indians stood where the yellow beam had glared, then they were eclipsed by a squad of mounted police, the Riders of the North, their red coats standing out like splotches of scarlet paint. A brief space they lingered, startlingly life-like, then there was nothing but black night.

"Have the Blackfeet seen?" howled Bill. "Let them look again. Behold the sign!"

Bill delivered himself of more language as another scene flashed boldly out. It was a smoke-stained ground—grim picture, perfect in detail. Back from the bodies a gaunt, gray wolf squatted on his haunches, nose pointed skyward, as though he were calling his brethren to the grawsome feast.

Bill turned on his heel as the picture went out like a match in the wind, but there was no half circle of glittering-eyed braves. There was nothing but the shuffling pat-pat of many moccasins in the crisp snow, and Todd Wayne, sitting by a few glowing embers, grinning foolishly up at him.

"They drifted," said Todd, tersely.

"Mon, mon!" Bill Mathison said, earnestly—when, next morning, there was no sign of the Blackfoot camp,

"the puft antelope 'll be thankful' for the nicht's wark. But wha wad 'a'

thought the ignorant bodies wad flee

rae a mageek lantern—an' a bit o'

Bobbie Burns!"—Bertrand W. Sinclair.

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AN EMERGENCY SHELF.

My pet emergency dish for luncheon, dinner or supper is based on a can of chicken. If for luncheon it is creamed and served on toast. For dinner it appears as chicken pot pie with cream gravy. For supper, what could be better than a chicken salad when mayonnaise is always ready. In connection with this, may I suggest to every housekeeper an emergency shelf, on which should be found cans of soup, salmon, a jar of salad dressing; most anything that will keep. Such a shelf robes unexpected company of half its terrors.—Boston Post.

A DISCARDED WAIST MADE NEW.

I had a favorite lingerie waist trimmed in an elaborate fashion with val. insertion, which had broken apart and fallen away from the fabric, rendering an otherwise good waist an article for the rag bag. One day I conceived this plan for renovating it, which I carried out with flattening success: After carefully measuring the insertion on waist I got the required length of new, but bought it a trifle wider. This I basted over the old as though basting over a pattern showing where to apply same. I then stitched both edges of new insertion to waist and cut the old from beneath it, turning back and finishing the raw edges in the usual way. I now have a practically new waist, "a thing of beauty," and, if not "a joy forever," then with a new lease of life.—Boston Post.

ABOUT OLIVE OIL.

In this country there seems to exist an unconquerable dislike for oil in all its uses and states.

As a matter of fact, it is efficacious as a beautifier and health-builder.

It is an excellent fatter, and if one can acquire the habit of taking a tablespoonful after each meal it is an aid to the digestion, complexion and general health.

After every bath anemic children should be rubbed with olive oil to strengthen them.

Hot olive oil will relieve the lameness in the feet which is caused by long standing.

It is also excellent for a skin which has been made hard and dry by exposure to the weather.

A little oil rubbed into the skin at night makes it soft and smooth. The ancient Egyptian beauties knew its value and used it almost altogether as an unguent.

As an adjunct in cooking it is invaluable. The Italians use it for frying, and the French chefs, who are noted for their sauces, flavor everything with it.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Parish (Unitarian). Main street and Parker avenue. Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, minister. Services at 10:45 a.m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational. Main street, near Mill Brook. Rev. N. Fay Smith, pastor. Services. Sundays, 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Thursdays, 8 p.m.

St. Patrick's Parish. Main street. Rev. J. S. Neilligan, pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 8:30 a.m.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dentist.

GEORGE T. THOMPSON, 100 Main street, East Northfield. Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., except Saturday afternoons.

J. G. PFERSICK, D. V. S. No. 3 Leonard street. Greenfield, Mass. Tuesday forenoons and Friday afternoons at F. L. Proctor's Livery, Main street, Northfield.

A. L. NEWTON, M. D. 47 Main street. Office Hours: Before 8:00 a.m. from 12:30 to 2:00 p.m. and from 7:00 to 8:30 p.m. Telephone 1

N. P. WOOD, M. D. 112 Main street. Office Hours: Before 8:00 a.m. from 12:00 to 2:00 p.m., and from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. Telephone 17-2

R. H. PHILBRICK, M. D. Main street, East Northfield. Office Hours: 8:00 to 8:30 a.m. from 1:30 to 2:30 p.m., and from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. Telephone 34-2

CHARLES H. WEBSTER, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law Notary Public. Webster Block, Northfield, Mass.

WANTED.

Ten cents per line. WANTED—Agents in Hinsdale, Vernon, South Vernon, Gill, Northfield Farms and Warwick to solicit subscriptions for the NORTHFIELD PRESS. Liberal commission. Write for particulars.

WANTED—A Janitor and clerk. Address The Bookstore, East Northfield, Mass.

WANTED—A woman for general housework. Address X. Y. Z., The Northfield Press.

FOR SALE.

Ten cents per line. FOR SALE—Improved U. S. cream separator, No. 5, of latest style and patent. Used only four months. Good as new. Best of reasons for selling. A. R. Minor, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Dry Slab wood sawed in stove lengths. H. A. Reed.

FOR RENT.

Ten cents per line. FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms for rent during the winter. Apply at the office of the Northfield Press.

You Can Talk

to everybody in Northfield by means of the advertising columns of the PRESS.

A clean medium, offering news and information in every issue that interests every member of the family. Enters all the homes in town where good things are appreciated, and where the welfare and progress of the town are regarded.

Clean in its advertisements also. No patent medicine ads.

Write for advertising rates.

The Northfield Press

EAST NORTHFIELD

Mrs. Bess Whittle took her daughters to Boston on Monday.

Elsie Newto n is to be married to John Rolls of Springfield on Oct. 5th.

Mrs. Edith Pierson Evans left town this week for her home in Philadelphia.

S. E. Walker spent last Sunday with his family at Linden Lodge, Brattleboro.

Mrs. J. Vale of Ireland Island, Bermuda, is spending several weeks in town.

Miss Frances Davis takes Miss Lowney's place as stenographer for Mr. Moody.

Old friends have been very glad to see Mr. Henry W. Rankin in town for a few days.

Mrs. DeWolf has closed her house and is at The Northfield until about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Chafer spent last Sunday in town with Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Chafer.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Stebbins are spending a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Schell.

Miss Chapman of Brooklyn, has finished her visit with Mrs. Ropes, and left town last Monday.

Reuben Torrey has been suffering from appendicitis. It was decided not to have an operation.

Letters were received last week from Mary Boomer, now in Chile, by some of her young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bryant of Brockton, Mass., were guests of Mr. H. A. McLean several days last week.

Mrs. Whitemore is spending a few days with friends in Worcester, with auto trips throughout the neighborhood.

The architect's drawing of a new dormitory, which is desired for Mount Hermon school, is on view in The Northfield parlors.

The PRESS is on sale at the bookstore, where orders for annual subscriptions will also be taken. Five cents single copies.

Miss Lowney was married on the 8th to Alexander Stevens, an instructor in Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn. Several Northfield friends attended the wedding.

Our advertisers think they have something to your interest and profit, or they would not advertise. Give them a trial, and say you saw it in the PRESS.

George Moody, son of Warren Moody, visited friends and relatives in East Northfield and Mount Hermon over Sunday last. His home is in Boston.

A number of ladies from the Congregational church attended the quarterly meeting of the Franklin County branch of the Woman's Board for Foreign Missions at Shelburne Falls on Tuesday.

Miss Grace Boehme is filling an important position in Rochester, N. Y., as supervisor of the sub-normal schools of the city in all grades. Her success in this new direction has been noted by the state supervisor.

Mrs. Ropes and Miss Lawrence of Chicago, have been in Boston this week saying good-bye to several missionaries, who sailed on Wednesday under the Baptist Board and whom Mrs. Ropes entertained during the conferences.

Week-end guests at Hotel Northfield included: Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Thayer, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Bull, Easton, Pa.; Mrs. J. S. Polhamer and daughter, Newark, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Spinney, Lynn, Mass.; the Misses Dennis, Cambridge, Mass.

The Wickers have closed their cottage for the winter. Mr. Wicker preached in Brooklyn last Sunday, and expects to spend the winter in evangelistic work. Miss Wicker and her two brothers will attend the Baptist college at Greenville, N. C.

Mr. T. C. Marshall of Jersey City, N. J., recording secretary of the National Indian Association, has been spending some weeks with Rev. James A. O'Connor. This association, now in its 30th year, was organized to open up Christian work among native Indian tribes that have not yet received the Gospel. After the work is on a good footing it is turned over to the nearest evangelical board. Its headquarters are at 156 Fifth avenue, New York. Mr. Marshall is also New York correspondent of the Christian, London.

WHEW!

"How do you tell bad eggs?" asked the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the grocery clerk, "but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg, I'd break it gently."

NORTHFIELD FARM

Mr. and Mrs. Ward and their son spent Sunday last, in Brattleboro.

Miss Bessie Hammond has returned from Boston, after an absence of two weeks. She expects to go to Leominster on Monday to work in a millinery store.

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Miss Frances Davis takes Miss Lowney's place as stenographer for Mr. Moody.

Old friends have been very glad to see Mr. Henry W. Rankin in town for a few days.

Mrs. DeWolf has closed her house and is at The Northfield until about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Chafer spent last Sunday in town with Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Chafer.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Stebbins are spending a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Schell.

Miss Chapman of Brooklyn, has finished her visit with Mrs. Ropes, and left town last Monday.

Reuben Torrey has been suffering from appendicitis. It was decided not to have an operation.

Letters were received last week from Mary Boomer, now in Chile, by some of her young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bryant of Brockton, Mass., were guests of Mr. H. A. McLean several days last week.

Mrs. Whitemore is spending a few days with friends in Worcester, with auto trips throughout the neighborhood.

The architect's drawing of a new dormitory, which is desired for Mount Hermon school, is on view in The Northfield parlors.

The PRESS is on sale at the bookstore, where orders for annual subscriptions will also be taken. Five cents single copies.

Miss Lowney was married on the 8th to Alexander Stevens, an instructor in Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn. Several Northfield friends attended the wedding.

Our advertisers think they have something to your interest and profit, or they would not advertise. Give them a trial, and say you saw it in the PRESS.

George Moody, son of Warren Moody, visited friends and relatives in East Northfield and Mount Hermon over Sunday last. His home is in Boston.

A number of ladies from the Congregational church attended the quarterly meeting of the Franklin County branch of the Woman's Board for Foreign Missions at Shelburne Falls on Tuesday.

Miss Grace Boehme is filling an important position in Rochester, N. Y., as supervisor of the sub-normal schools of the city in all grades. Her success in this new direction has been noted by the state supervisor.

Mrs. Ropes and Miss Lawrence of Chicago, have been in Boston this week saying good-bye to several missionaries, who sailed on Wednesday under the Baptist Board and whom Mrs. Ropes entertained during the conferences.

Week-end guests at Hotel Northfield included: Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Thayer, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Bull, Easton, Pa.; Mrs. J. S. Polhamer and daughter, Newark, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Spinney, Lynn, Mass.; the Misses Dennis, Cambridge, Mass.

The Wickers have closed their cottage for the winter. Mr. Wicker preached in Brooklyn last Sunday, and expects to spend the winter in evangelistic work. Miss Wicker and her two brothers will attend the Baptist college at Greenville, N. C.

Mr. T. C. Marshall of Jersey City, N. J., recording secretary of the National Indian Association, has been spending some weeks with Rev. James A. O'Connor. This association, now in its 30th year, was organized to open up Christian work among native Indian tribes that have not yet received the Gospel. After the work is on a good footing it is turned over to the nearest evangelical board. Its headquarters are at 156 Fifth avenue, New York. Mr. Marshall is also New York correspondent of the Christian, London.

How can we sell tickets at \$1.00 each for a \$5.00 lecture course? We know the people of Northfield know a good thing when they see it.

Mr. Gwilym Miles, the famous Welsh baritone, will give a concert in Stone hall on Monday evening, September 20, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Miles will be accompanied by one of the greatest musical conductors in the country. Admission 35 cts. This will be a great treat to all lovers of fine music.

Boys, join the brigade this winter, and have a share in the winter festivities.

WM. C. ROBERTS.

The Fortnightly.

"La Belle France" is to be the subject of study at the meetings of the Fortnightly during the present season. Not merely French history from century to century, but also French chateaux and foyers; feudalism and chivalry; art and literature; churches, monasteries and shrines; the picturesqueness and power of womanhood in France; and leading historical characters like the Maid of Orleans and Catherine de Medici. Sessions are held on alternate Mondays in the Library, beginning October 4th. A gentlemen's night will be held on January 24th. The season will conclude with a musical on May 2d.

The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. Wood; vice president, Mrs. Stockbridge; secretary, Mrs. Thompson; treasurer, Mrs. Randall. Literature Committee: Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Coo, Mrs. Frances Moody, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. George. Executive Committee: Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Stockbridge, Mrs. Callender, Mrs.

Minnie L. Smith. The names of the ladies who are in charge of each session are given in the printed program, which also contains a historical diagram from the 4th to the 18th century.

HERE AND THERE.

The Mount Hermon quartet gave concerts at Ashuelot and Winchester last week, and in the First Baptist church at Brattleboro on Monday night. They expect to start for the White mountains tonight. The quartet is open for engagements during the winter.

Thursday night of last week was spent at a special town meeting in Brattleboro to install 53 additional hydrants in Esteyville, Oak Grove avenue and Prospect Hill; but a petition was circulated on Saturday by a number of citizens who want the vote rescinded, believing the project to involve unnecessary expense.

Mabel Minor, who has been sick for two weeks, returned to school on Monday.

Mrs. Nettie Harris of South Deerfield, is visiting Mrs. Wm. Browning.

Mrs. Royce has returned from Bellows Falls.

Mrs. Katherine Putman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar Wood.

The river is so low at the ferry that it is almost impossible to run the ferry boat.

A very enjoyable corn roast was given one evening last week at Mr. Frank Parker's. More than fifty were present. After the corn was roasted and eaten, watermelon and hot coffee were served, and the evening was spent in games, music and sociability, such as only the Farms' people know about.

Mr. Edward Priest and wife from Schenectady, N. Y., and his father, Mr. Dwight Priest, from Shenandoah, Iowa, are visiting relatives and friends at the Farms. The elder Mr. Priest was once proprietor of the hotel at South Vernon, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Erving Tatro of Athol, are among the visitors at the Farms.

Mrs. Ernest Field of Somerville, is here for a short time.

Mr. Caswell and a party of friends are stopping at his cottage, "The Riverby," on the bank of the Connecticut.

Mrs. Mary Stratton has gone to Halifax, Vermont, to visit friends.

Charles Leach is away on a short vacation.

Frank Wood went to Lowell Monday to see the auto race and on his return he will bring his wife and son home from their vacation.

Miss Lucy Stratton is quite ill.

Boys' Brigade.

The annual business meeting of Company A will be held in the Parish House of the North church, on Friday evening, the 17th, at 7:30 o'clock. All boys over twelve years are invited to join, and can make application for membership at this meeting.

Quite a number of our friends to whom Lecture Course tickets have been sent have not yet reported on them. A remittance sent us at once will be greatly appreciated, and encourage us in our efforts to give to the town a lecture course of a very high standard.

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